

# American Junior Red Cross

November 1945

# NEWS



Pacific



Ocean



Dolphin



Cassowary



HALMAHERA

Banda Sea



Cockatoo

Flying Fish

Arafura

Lyre Bird



Kangaroo

Sea



## MORALE IN PACKAGES

Currier & Ives prints reproduced on this page are samples of those sent in American Red Cross prisoners of war packages to Germany. They served as welcome reminders of home. About 25,000 liberated Americans in Europe cabled word of their freedom, at Red Cross expense, to their families in the United States between early May and June 1.

The International Committee of the Red Cross reports that strict observance of the Geneva convention in treatment of German war prisoners by the U. S. Army was largely responsible for the return home of ninety-nine per cent of former American prisoners of war.



*The Happy Family*  
(Ruffed Grouse and Young)



*Home to Thanksgiving*

Thanks to the American Junior Red Cross, children in Europe and the Far East have received "morale" in all sorts of packages. Medical chests have been sent to take care of some 3,000,000 children in France, Belgium, Italy, Norway, Greece and Yugoslavia. 20,000 pounds of candy have been shipped to various countries in Europe. . . . Following liberation, Philippine children got 52,000 pounds of candy and 1,500 gift boxes. They also received needed milk. This Christmas many an eye will be brightened and many a tooth sweetened by shipments of gift boxes and candy from Junior Red Cross members.

This year, American Red Cross holiday packages will go to men on the high seas and to those serving with the armies of occupation in isolated areas. Now, more than ever, their morale needs "re-enforcing" by remembrances from home. . . . Junior Red Cross plays an important part in morale building, too. Men overseas will be cheered up by the contents of Junior Red Cross Christmas Decoration Units.



*Husking*

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

Part I • November • 1945

## A Surprise for Bela

ALFRED S. CAMPBELL

Illustrations by Antonio Sotomayor

The war is over now, but this story, based on a true incident, gives one of the reasons why children on Espiritu Santo will not forget the Americans for some time to come

LITTLE BELA, his black face shining with perspiration, was helping the French priest, Father Jehan, weed his vegetable garden. Food had been hard to get in Espiritu Santo since the war started, and every head of lettuce, every pea and bean and carrot helped. No ships came there any more, not since the last one, afire from a bomb, drifted into the harbor, burned and sank, leaving only a rusty bow sticking out of the water.

Father Jehan straightened his back and wiped his face with a large handkerchief. Then he shook the dust from his black robe and looked up at the sun. "Almost noon, *mon fils*—my son. We worked well today. It is time for the news broadcast."

The two of them, Father Jehan, tall and thin, with snow-white hair, and the boy, small and black, with his hair a fiery red from the lime his mother put on it to keep out insects, walked to the priest's little cottage standing next to the church.

The only radio on the island of Espiritu Santo was in the front room. News came in French from New Caledonia. Father Jehan turned the dials and sat down; Bela squatted on the floor. The radio voice came loud and clear; "A great battle has been fought in the Solomons. American Marines from far over-

seas attacked the Japanese positions in force yesterday and established beachheads on Guadalcanal, Tulagi and other islands of the group. Observers report. . . ." and then the voice faded and went off the air.

Father Jehan was on his feet, striding up and down the room. "*Le bon Dieu* be thanked for the Americans!" he said, "Now our own homes here will be safe. Guadalcanal is not far off, and soon the Japanese would have come here. I am going to the church, to say a prayer for the brave Americans."

Bela wandered down to the seashore, thinking of the battle. Wouldn't it be wonderful if some of the Americans came to Espiritu Santo! The harbor was calm, the surface unruffled. He began tossing bright-colored pebbles into the water, watching the little ripples spread and spread until they touched the rusty hulk of the sunken ship.

He could remember the time before the war. It seemed far away, though. Then, his mother used to go into the jungle every day to gather great baskets full of lemons and oranges and pineapples and tangerines and bananas. She could sell them at a good price to the owners of the big coconut plantations. When the coconuts were ripe, she would help break the tough shells and spread the snowy white coco-

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What Bela saw made him stare with all his might

nut meat out in the sun to dry into copra, which was sent all over the world to be made into soap and oils. But now the plantation owners had gone away, and there was no one to whom to sell fruit.

Bela's father used to be busy, too, going out every day in his tiny boat with its red sail, catching fish in his nets. The fish sold well to both plantation owners and natives, but now, with Japanese submarines prowling about, it was dangerous to venture far from shore.

And Bela was thinking about school. They had had no new books for a long time and he knew the old ones by heart. Worst of all, all their paper and pencils were used up! Bela liked to draw pictures; Father Jehan had told him that he had talent, and that if he continued to work hard at it, he might become a good artist some day. But you can't work without tools, thought Bela sadly.

He tossed another pebble into the water. Suddenly an idea came into his mind. "I'll make a wish," he said to himself, "and maybe it will come true." So he shut his eyes and said out loud, "I wish for a paper and a pencil, so I can make a drawing." Then he opened them cautiously. What he saw made him stare with all his might.

A ship was just coming into sight around the end of the island, followed by another and another and another, until there were eight of them, in a long line. Bela's heart beat fast. Were they Japanese, coming to capture Espiritu Santo? He shaded his eyes with one hand, and looked carefully. No, on each ship the same flag waved; the Stars and Stripes. He knew from the pictures which hung on the schoolroom wall that that was the flag of the United States. Terribly excited, he rushed back to the hut, shouting, "Father, Mother, come quickly! Ships! American ships!"

Soon all the natives were standing on the beach, watching the ships approach. Nearing

land, they slowed, lost headway and dropped anchor. Then a tiny boat was lowered from the nearest ship, and it sped in to shore. There were three Marine Corps officers in it, and two sailors. When the boat reached the dock, the officers climbed out.

Father Jehan, who had heard the excited conversations, hurried down from his house and came forward to meet the Americans. "Soyez le bienvenu!" he said. "Welcome!" The eldest officer replied in French, and the priest's face lit up in a relieved smile. "Ah, you speak French, Colonel? How fortunate, since none of us speak English. How can I help you?"

Little Bela had come forward, and was listening eagerly to everything they said. The Colonel was saying, "There has been a great sea battle near Guadalcanal, and we have many wounded whom we are taking home. We want first to build a temporary hospital here, and a camp for the Marines who are coming to protect you from the Japanese. We need laborers, both men and women, to carry our gears ashore, to make clearings in the jungle, to help build. We will pay them, of course."

"I will call everyone together," said Father Jehan, "and you will have all the laborers you need."

It was like magic! Within two hours hundreds of little boats were shuttling back and forth between the ships and the shore, bringing in full loads. One clearing had already been made in a coconut grove, and in it were twenty big tents and nearly a thousand tiny ones, rapidly set up by the Marines. Telephone wires were hanging from tree trunk to tree trunk, neat piles of lumber were stacked here and there, heaps of barrels and boxes of food were arranged in long rows near smoking cookstoves, and big guns were set up, pointing skyward. They had even built a brand new wharf. "How wonderful the Americans

are," said everyone. "We have been talking about building a new wharf for the past two years, and they have built it in two hours!"

Bela rubbed his eyes. "Is this part of my wish coming true?" he thought. But most of the time he kept too busy to think. He had plenty to do helping carry boxes and packages, driving in stakes for the tent-ropes, and handing out big juicy oranges to the Marines every time they stopped to rest.

All at once he noticed a newcomer, a young officer who wore on his sun helmet a red cross instead of the Marine Corps insignia. Bela grew very much excited. He walked over and asked politely, "Are you a Red Cross officer? Are you one of the men who work with the wounded, and get supplies and things to the fighting men?" The man smiled and nodded. Bela came closer. "In our school we once wrote a letter to the Junior Red Cross, in America. They sent us a big album filled with letters and pictures. I know about your Red Cross."

"You have a school here?" asked the officer.

"Yes," replied Bela, "but we haven't had pencils and paper for a long time. These are the first ships we have seen for more than a year."

The officer stood thinking, then, "Wait here," he said, "I'll be back soon."

Bela saw him go over to Father Jehan and ask a question, saw the priest nod his head vigorously and then grasp the hand of the Red Cross officer, smiling happily. "I wonder what they're talking about," thought Bela. "I'd like to listen, but he told me to stay here."

So he stayed, watching the Red Cross officer get into a little boat and return to the ship. "He's forgotten me," he thought sadly, "but he told me to stay here, and I will. I wonder what he said that made Father Jehan so happy."

In half an hour the little boat came back. The Red Cross officer jumped out on the wharf and beckoned. Bela came running. "Here, help carry these packages, will you?" He picked up as many as he could hold in his arms. Father Jehan took some more and the officer took the rest. "This way," said Father Jehan.

They were approaching the school building. What were they going to do? Were there books in the packages? That would be nice, even though they would probably be written in English. Still, they might have pictures in them. Inside, the officer and the priest and Bela put the packages down on the floor. "It's a good thing I always carry extra supplies," said the Red Cross officer, opening the first package.

What would it be? Pads of fine white paper! Bela watched, his black eyes shining. In the next package were hundreds of fine long pencils. Bela just couldn't help it, he jumped to his feet and shouted, "Vive l'Amérique!" "Hooray for America!"

But there was one more package to open. More paper? More pencils? No, just a lot of little boxes. Now what? The Red Cross officer handed him one, and a pad of paper and a pencil. "Here you are, sonny. This is for you. Father Jehan tells me you're an artist. The rest are for the school."

Bela opened the little box. It was full of colored crayons! "Oh, thank you, thank you!" he cried, "Now I can make a picture!" And while the two men went on talking, he started his first picture in color: a ship, coming into harbor. Over the stern floated the Stars and Stripes, and flying over the bow was a white flag with a big red cross on it. His wish had come true!

Bela started his first picture in color—a ship coming into the harbor



# Invitation for Thanksgiving

LAVINIA R. DAVIS

Illustrations by Iris Beatty Johnson

JANEY CARTER thought about the family Thanksgiving party until she could almost smell the turkey. Usually it was pleasant thinking, but right now Janey was worried. The preparations had all been as much fun as usual. Way back last September, Janey had picked green tomatoes for the Thanksgiving piccalilli. In October she had collected a half bushel basket of hickory nuts and shelled and picked them herself. In the first week of November she had helped with the mincemeat; but now she wanted to put the whole thing off.

Janey was worried because for the first time she was to invite a guest of her own. All the Carter family came back to the farmhouse for Thanksgiving. The Bridgehampton Carters and the city Carters, and the Waverly cousins and the Dikes. Janey's twin brothers came down from college with some friends, and now Janey was to bring home a guest herself.

Janey sat at the back of the schoolroom and studied the girls in front of her. There were Mary Bacon, Barbara Bangs and Ermentrude Schwarzpfeffer.

Janey looked first at Barbara's straight bob and then at Mary's dark curls and finally at Ermentrude's thick braids. Either Mary or Barbara would be just as easy as easy at that Thanksgiving party. And yet Janey couldn't make up her mind. The trouble was that both Mary and Barbara had Thanksgiving dinners of their own to go to but Ermentrude, the refugee girl who had just moved to High-

ville, hadn't made any friends yet.

Janey waited to decide at noon. Then, somehow, the decision was all made for her. As she left the white schoolhouse she saw Ermey sitting all by herself eating a sandwich of rye bread and cheese. All the other children were across the schoolyard eating and laughing. Janey didn't have to look twice to understand. They'd just gone off and left Ermentrude on purpose.

"It is my food they don't like," Ermentrude explained when Janey

came over and sat down beside her.

Janey didn't like it either, but she didn't say so. Instead she looked all smiles and graciousness the way Mother did when she entertained the Book Club. "I'm glad I've got you alone anyway," she said. "I wanted to ask you if you'd come to my family's Thanksgiving party next Thursday."

Ermey's blue eyes grew very round, and her wide smile showed a great many very white teeth.

"Oh, but yes!" she said. "With so much pleasure."

"Swell," Janey said briskly, and looked across the schoolyard. She stood up and walked toward the schoolhouse as the other children shouted to her to join them. She shook her head almost without hearing. Her choice was made, but she didn't feel any better. It was the only fair, the only decent thing to do—and yet? Janey thought of Ermey's funny shoes, her quaint dress, and



"Oh, but yes," said Ermey. "With so much pleasure!"

her foreign accent, and suddenly something way down inside of her wanted to cry.

Thanksgiving came especially quickly, as days do when you're not looking forward to them. It seemed to Janey that there was no time at all between the morning she invited Ermentrude and the moment when she ushered Aunt Isabella Dike into the spare bedroom.

Aunt Isabella had barely settled herself in the biggest chair by the fire before the Waverleys arrived and the twins and their two friends came in from the woods. Just then Ermentrude came. She looked more foreign than she did at school. Her hair was braided as usual, but she had a small wreath of artificial flowers around her forehead. She had on a party dress made of blue velvet with a yellow silk blouse.

Janey took her over to introduce her to Aunt Isabella. "This is Ermentrude Schwarzenpfeffer," she said, and Ermey shook hands politely. Janey was wondering what they could possibly do next, but Ermey seemed to have an idea of her own. She found Mrs. Carter and shook hands and then asked if she could help with dinner. For a moment Mrs. Carter hesitated, and then she said, "Why, yes. I think it would be a lovely idea if both you girls helped in the kitchen. We'll keep all the grown women out."

So Mrs. Carter and Janey and Ermentrude put the finishing touches to the big Thanksgiving dinner. And as Janey put the jelly in dishes and basted the turkey, and put the vegetables and sweet potatoes in their big covered dishes, she began to feel better. It was clear that Ermey was having a good time

and that she knew what she was doing. As Mother watched her fly around the kitchen, it was plain from her face that she approved.

In a few minutes dinner was ready, and all the party went into the dining room. As Janey watched them all stream past she was worried all over again. They all looked so very American and so very sure of themselves.

Mother placed Ermey between fat Uncle

Rudolph Dike and solemn Cousin Willie Carter who gave piano lessons down in New York. Janey herself sat between jolly Uncle Waverley and Bill Stout who was a friend of the twins. It was a nice easy place to sit, and Janey could really enjoy her turkey and sweet potatoes, mashed chestnuts, celery, Indian pudding, cranberries and all the other good things.

For a few minutes she forgot Ermentrude and when she looked up again Ermey seemed to be having a very good time. On one side fat Uncle Rudolph was helping her to more sweet potatoes and on the other side, Willie Carter was gabbling away as fast as he could about music, his long face looked positively cheerful, and for once he seemed to be having a really good time.

After dinner when everybody had had pumpkin pie and apple pie and mince pie until they couldn't even look at another nibble, they went into the living room. Cousin Willie sat down at the piano and they all began to sing just the way they had at every Thanksgiving that Janey could remember.

At first they sang American songs that Ermey did not know. But when they began

(Continued on page 37)



For once Cousin Willie looked positively cheerful



# Foot of the Rainbow

HELEN AUGUR

Decorations by Iantha Armstrong



HERE is no beginning to this story, for who can tell when men first dreamed of lands of riches and wonders? This shimmering dream has always been about a vague realm called "the Indies." From the East came gold and silver and precious gems, silks and gauzy cottons, cinnamon and nutmeg and pepper and cloves, and something more tantalizing still—the spicy romance of unknown lands.

Draw a circle around Malaya and its islands and part of China and India, and you have the fabulous "Indies." Today our men in the Pacific know this region, sometimes better than they would like. The "wealth of the Indies" is now rubber, tin, oil and other products which do not sound romantic. But with this wealth Japan intended to start her Pacific empire, and, one after another, she seized the prizes—the rich coast of China, the Philippines, Java, and Sumatra and the other islands, the Malay Peninsula, Burma. She intended to take India, too, but was stopped in time.

Japan tried to corner all the wealth of the Indies at one fell swoop, and this has never happened before. It is hard to realize how new the Pacific is in world history. For at least forty centuries the western people got treasure and spice from the East, and yet the East was almost a complete mystery to them. The Orient has really been open to the rest of the world not much more than four centuries. And only during the last 150 years has the whole Pacific from Canton to San Francisco become familiar.

From the earliest times oriental goods had come overland and on the backs of camels. The Chinese sent their caravans across the Gobi Desert and over the high mountain passes into India, and then other caravans carried the wealth of the East to the Mediterranean. There was no direct contact between Europe and the Orient, and China especially was sealed off from the rest of the world.

For three thousand years China had been sending her lustrous silks to clothe the richer people of Biblical times, and the Greeks and

Romans. Everybody knew that raw silk cost its weight in gold, but nobody guessed that it was made by worms which fed on mulberry leaves. Finally some Persian monks who had been allowed inside the Great Wall smuggled out mulberry seeds and silkworm eggs in hollow tubes of bamboo, and Europe learned how silk was made.

It seems very strange that until the thirteenth century no daring young man of Europe had thought of exploring the golden lands of the East. When Marco Polo of Venice started on the greatest adventure a boy ever had he went, not as an explorer, but as an invited guest. It was the new Chinese rulers who were consumed with curiosity about Europe, and begged the Polos to come and visit them. For a while China was open to travelers, but it was Marco Polo's tales of Cathay and Cipango (China and Japan) that dazzled Europe. Nobody quite believed these wonders, but Marco created an excitement that kept explorers going for centuries.

They didn't start exploring for quite awhile, probably because they were afraid.

Finally Europe swallowed its fear and the great Age of Exploration began. Columbus decided that by sailing west he could reach Cathay. Instead, he landed in the Bahamas, on the fringe of a new world. But he died thinking it was the fringe of Asia. Columbus was a fine navigator but he made a whopping blunder about the size of the globe. On his globe, the Indies were just across the Atlantic, and the huge Pacific didn't exist. The world soon knew better, but all the explorers after Columbus were stubborn about making the globe smaller than it is.

Spain and Portugal were strong powers then, and in an amazingly short time they had solved the great mystery of what lands lay on the other side of the world. Four years after Columbus accidentally discovered America, the Portuguese Vasco da Gama made a much longer voyage, sailing down around Africa and up into the Indian Ocean. Just as people had hoped, there was a sea route to the Indies!

The next great feat was Spain's. She found



South America, a land shining with more silver and gold than ever came out of the East. Her conquistadores crossed the Isthmus of Panama and there, at the foot of the final peak, Balboa left his soldiers behind and climbed alone. Did he guess he was to have a great adventure, and wish to have it all to himself? For what Balboa saw was the mighty Pacific.

That was a stupendous moment, but a few years more, and the bravest explorer of all was to sail into this unknown ocean, leading his ships for the first voyage around the world. This was the Portuguese Magellan, but Spain backed his venture. Magellan's idea was that he could reach the Indies by sailing west as Columbus had, but sailing further, and perhaps a little south, in order to reach the Great South Sea that Balboa had glimpsed from his mountain peak. But of course he had to sail south, down to the cold and storms of Cape Horn, to round South America and get into the Pacific. He then discovered the Philippines, where he died in 1521, but his ship *Victoria* made her way home around Africa.

And so, only thirty years after Columbus blundered into the New World, the whole round globe had been sketched out for the wonder of men. And all these new regions belonged to Spain and Portugal, by right of discovery and by proclamation of the Pope. Spain busied herself with the New World, and Portugal with the East and Brazil. Yet Spain held onto the Philippines, and every year a galleon laden with priceless Eastern goods left Manila for Acapulco on the west coast of Mexico. Then they were carried across to Vera Cruz and shipped to Spain.

On their side of the Pacific, the Portuguese were as busy as beavers. They set up trading stations in India and China, on the Malay Peninsula, in Java and Sumatra and the Spice Islands (Moluccas). They sent their goods home around Africa by the route Vasco da Gama had discovered—and the other nations of Europe had to buy their silks and spices at Lisbon.

But the Dutch and English got tired of this. They were getting powerful as Spain and Portugal became weaker. By 1600 Queen Elizabeth founded the East India Company to trade directly with the Orient. This was a slap at Portugal which pleased her almost as much as defeating the Spanish Armada a

dozen years before. The Dutch started a similar company, and both countries now sent their waddling fat "East Indiamen" around Africa for trade with the East. But while England soon got control of India, it was the Dutch who established an empire in the rich islands of spice, edging out the Portuguese.

The early Dutch traders brought home stories which made the eyes of their neighbors pop. Everything in the East was magic. On some islands there were tortoises big enough for two or three men to ride. They encountered cannibals. On the Malay Peninsula they fought animals never seen in Europe—leopards and rhinoceroses, gibbons and tapirs and monkeys of all descriptions. The monkeys began to make the voyage home around Africa; sometimes every member of the crew had one. And the brilliant plumage of the bird of paradise from Borneo was another trophy the sailors brought home to the Netherlands.

The French were late getting to the Indies, but they won a foothold in Indo-China. This country, and Siam (now Thailand) and Burma were never so important to the trading nations as the spice islands and India and China, but they offered wonderful wood like teak and dyewood, drugs, and rice.

About the time the American colonies were founded, the western world began to drink China tea. At first New England housewives were puzzled about how to make tea, and were apt to boil it vigorously, throw out the water and serve the leaves sprinkled with sugar. But eventually the Americans were drinking almost as much tea as the British, and they resented the fact that England forbade American ships to enter the Pacific. It was this that made the Boston Tea Party an angry affair.

And so the United States won their independence to govern themselves, and to trade where they liked. It happened that at the moment the Revolution was won the Pacific really opened up from China to California by the three voyages of Captain James Cook. The one American on his last voyage, John Ledyard, came home with a wondrous tale like Marco Polo's. On the northwest coast of America, he told his countrymen, rich furs, especially of the black sea otter, could be bought from the Indians for a handful of iron. And the rich Chinese were glad to pay a hundred dollars or more



for one sea otter pelt in the Peking market.

And so in 1784 the first American ship sailed into the Pacific—the *Empress of China*, bound from New York to Canton. Soon Boston vessels were leaving for the long voyage around the Horn, up to the northwest fur grounds, across to China, and home around Africa. Each ship went around the world, as Magellan had done, but now they came back safe, and usually with a small fortune made in three years. Philadelphia sent ships to India, and Salem vessels began nosing along the “pepper coast” of Sumatra. Yankee traders began scurrying among the South Sea Islands, trading with the Spanish in California and the hospitable Hawaiians.

It is too bad to make this long story short, but before long the Americans were “first chop” in the China trade, they had a monopoly of the northwest fur grounds, they were Hawaii’s favorites, and the “pepper coast” was theirs. It is hard to see how these young traders managed to get more business than the English or Dutch or French or Russians—or sometimes than all rival nations together. The old trading nations were rich and well established, and the Americans were new at this game, and had very little capital.

Their ships were tiny, and at first they sailed into unknown seas with no good instruments and no real charts. Often the captain and crew were barely out of their teens. And since the United States had no big factories, it was hard to find goods that would tempt the Pacific countries.

But they could sell the Chinese ginseng—a plant that grows wild in New England—and otter and seal skins. They could sell in Canton sandalwood from Hawaii, and mother-of-pearl and dried sea-slugs from the cannibal isles. They could sell codfish and salt beef to Zanzibar, most of them from Salem. They even discovered that they could cut ice from



New England ponds, carry it around Africa, and sell it to the British in India! The Yankees worked up a busy trade with Mocha, on the tip of Arabia, and the coffee they brought from Mocha and Java became more popular than China tea.

But our country was still importing enough tea from China to make a yearly tea fleet necessary—and these ships brought back silks and porcelains and carved ivory fans and chessmen. From first to last, it was the China trade that built up our great port cities, especially New York, and that won us the best merchant marine in the world before the Civil

War. For the clipper ships were created to rush the fragrant teas home. Soon they were carrying Forty-Niners to San Francisco, and many of them kept up the old habit of stopping at Hawaii and the Philippines on the way to China.

For under the busy work of trade our merchant marine was weaving a pattern of friendship, drawing the Pacific world closer to the United States. Sometimes our fighting men have wondered at the kindness of natives in strange corners of this vast ocean. We have fought in unlikely places, but there is not one island where our men have landed that doesn’t remember

other Americans long ago—traders or missionaries or explorers. Our first mariners in the Pacific discovered many islands, but the United States seldom bothered to plant a flag on them.

Only Japan, which during all this story had very little to do with foreign traders, would want to plant flags all over the Pacific. A Pacific empire? The Pacific peoples are working out a very different future for themselves. This is the most fascinating part of the world today—very old, but very new. The Pacific is still the foot of the rainbow; it is young and full of golden hopes. The United States can help make its future a noble one.

## Conquistadores

DOROTHY BROWN THOMPSON

A bold young breed whose bearded laughing lips  
Drank first a toast to Death, then one to Spain.  
Thrust into threatening seas with clumsy ships  
Shrugging off certainties with gay disdain;  
Their goal the bitter-battled trade in spice  
With the far Indies—sailing with the sun  
Westward, the gold of promise in their eyes—  
Breathing winds thick with fancied cinnamon.

There are their heirs—the lads who ride that wind,  
Weaving with silver shuttles of their planes  
A tapestry of trade, brain-disciplined,  
But rich in color past the depth of Spain’s—  
In threads of gold and courage and grim weather,  
The hemispheres drawn, glorious, together!

# Guests in Our House

ELIZABETH HUBERMAN

"IT WAS NIGHT when we heard the Nazi soldiers marching in the street below us. They had come suddenly and unexpectedly.

"Our bags were packed, ready for us to leave on the first train in the morning. But now we could not take that train. We were trapped.

"Only our mother did not show tears in her eyes. She helped the four of us children into some warm clothes, picked up a loaf of bread from the kitchen table, and unlocked the garden door. Without a word, we followed her down the stairs to the little garden in back of the house, and through the garden to a path into the mountains. Behind us, Nazi fists hammered on the locked front door.

"For four days and nights we lived in the mountains above that Italian town. Airplanes roared over us, and shells exploded all around, but worst were the rain and the cold nights and the hunger—that loaf of bread did not last long.

"On the fifth day we saw an American flag flying over the town. We were saved. Now we are in America, where the Nazis will never get us."

That was fourteen-year old Edith speaking. She is one of the 982 refugees from 17 European countries who came to America in August, 1944, at the invitation of President Roosevelt. Germans, Jugoslavs, Austrians, Belgians, Poles, Czechs, they all had the common bond of being anti-Nazi. Catholics, Protestants, Greek Orthodox, Christians and Jews, they all had



Above: Refugees aboard Army transport which also carried wounded soldiers; space was at a premium



Below: Children playing with clay at the Refugee Shelter nursery school in Oswego, New York

SMALL PHOTOS BY GRETCHEN VAN TASSEL



Above: In the machine shop, Shelter residents learn to do their own repair work, make tools, electrical equipment and various metal objects. Other adult activities include office and hospital work, plays, painting and many trades. Classes in English are also popular. All skills can be used to make Shelter more livable

fled, like Edith, from the German armies and police, until they came together in Italy.

There, in the summer of 1944, a commission of United States officials selected them from

the thousands of other refugees, from all over Europe, who were crowding the camps and towns of Italy. These were the fortunate "1,000" who were to be allowed, by presidential order, to escape from their nightmare of fear into the safety of America. The order "contemplated" that after the war they would return to their homelands; what they were offered was only a temporary shelter in the United States. But they did not care then about the terms of the invitation—they only wanted to get away, at least from arrest, from torture, from hunger, from bombs and shells.

So, in July the 982 refugee passengers boarded a boat for the United States. Few young men were in the group, for they had been the Nazis' first victims, or they were fighting in the Allied Armies. But there were many babies and children—197 under sixteen years of age, and 232 under twenty-one. Among the 750 adults, there were artists, musicians, doctors, lawyers, businessmen, architects, photographers, milliners, butchers, bakers. Even candlestick makers, only they were listed as gold and silversmiths.

How they came across the Atlantic is a story for them to tell:

"We were on a troop ship—with troops occupying most of the ship. How many of us in each cabin? There were no cabins. Just rows of cots, and you slept on the first cot you found free, with strangers all around you. It was terribly hot, so we all tried to get on deck, but on deck there was not enough room. We used to get up at five or six in the morning, to make sure we would have a place on deck for the day. Then what did we do on deck? We got seasick—but it was better in the open air."

Still, they were on their way to America. That was one good thing, and even on the hot, crowded boat, they made themselves a song: "*Wir fahren nach Ontario, wir fahren nach U.S.A.*"—"We're going to Ontario, we're going to the U.S.A." Exactly what Ontario was, they did not know, nor where in the U.S.A. But they were glad to be going there.

Fort Ontario, at Oswego, New York, was the place chosen as the Emergency Refugee Shelter. It turned out to be only a day's trip from New York City. As soon as the tired and rumped hundreds had left their boat, they were rushed to the train with only a glimpse of New York's great skyscrapers. Peering out of the train windows to discover what America was like, they saw the train sidings and dingy factories of a few cities. Before they reached

the shores of Lake Ontario, where the Fort is located, they also saw the pleasant, hilly countryside of northern New York State. That was all. Then they were in their temporary home.

But America saw enough of them in that brief passage to show at least one sign of welcome. There was a little boy among the youngsters—let's call him Peter—whose clothes had seen an unusual amount of travel and no repairs. Unlike the other children, Peter had no toy, however battered, to clutch at for comfort when he set foot on a strange new land. When the gruff customs officials came to him, they coughed loudly and retired into a corner. A few quick whispers sent one of them hurrying off to the nearest department store. He returned with a new outfit, cap to shoes, just Peter's size, and an armful of toys just Peter's style.

In Fort Ontario, all the children found new clothes and toys. New clothes were there for their families, too. There was plenty of food; there were doctors and dentists; there were clean public showers, and running water in some of the rooms. The rooms, in barracks only shortly before used by the Fort soldiers, were far from fancy. Tiny, with unfinished walls and meager furniture, they were coated with all the dust that had blown in since the soldiers left. But in a few weeks their new tenants had made them clean and cheerful with paint and linoleum, comfortable with extra pillows and homemade furniture. Outside the windows stretched the lake, big as an ocean, on one side, and on the other, the wide green parade ground and the trees, flowers and gray walls of the old Fort. This was a pleasant place to live—at least for a time.

Now the 982 have lived there for a year. They have worked in the offices, the kitchens, the hospital, the warehouses. The artists have painted new pictures, the actors have acted in many new plays, the singers have learned to sing American songs. In their leisure time, many of the people have attended English classes or learned new skills, such as dress-making, beauty culture, fashion design, cabinet-making, auto mechanics, in the trade schools provided at the Shelter. They have kept very busy, because they have had to—when they stop working they think too much about the terror of the past, or they worry too much over what may happen to them in the uncertain future.

But they have not lived a normal life. They

have not been able to do any work outside the Shelter gate. This is because they are not, technically, in the United States. They did not come here as regular visitors or under the immigration rules; they came to enjoy a temporary refuge. So in their refuge the refugees must stay.

Only the children of the Shelter have come close to normal existence. The little ones have developed strong bones and fat cheeks and they play freely at the Shelter nursery school with all the typical equipment of any good American child care center. The older children, almost 200 of them, have gone to the schools in Oswego, just as the boys and girls from Oswego's little houses do. When they entered school in September, 1944, they could speak little or no English. By June, 1945, however, they were all speaking English fluently. They were all on an equal standing, so far as their grades went, with the Oswego students. And, more, they were entering into activities inside and outside of school until, as one of their teachers described them, they were "practically indistinguishable" from the regular students at the schools. Five girls and one boy were even able to graduate from the Oswego High School.

When Congressman Dickstein, Chairman of the Committee on Immigration in the House of Representatives held hearings at Fort Ontario in June, it was the young people who seemed to impress the Congressmen most. The school children, who solemnly told the Congressmen they would be willing to bear

arms for America, acted just as any group of American children might, if questioned by some Washington lawmakers. Perhaps they were a trifle more serious, because they know why American freedom should be defended; they remember what it meant to lose freedom in Nazi Europe.

That is what their teachers, from elementary school through the Oswego State Teachers' College, told the Congressmen about the Shelter children: "They have had a beneficial influence on the Oswego students in the schools. They studied harder because they wanted to make up for a lost time, and they took their responsibilities more seriously, because they didn't take free education for granted. They appreciated it. They would make good American citizens."

"They would make good American citizens." Almost every witness at the hearings said that. The refugees who testified urged that they wanted to become good American citizens. A few have indicated that they wish to return to their homes or go to other countries, but the great majority wish to remain here, as industrious, useful citizens. "In Europe we have lost everything," they say. "Back there we would find only starvation and sad memories. There must be room in America."

Perhaps by November, when you read this, our government will have found that room, and the thousand Shelter residents will be free in America, many of them on their way to becoming citizens.

They will no longer be "refugees."

## Invitation for Thanksgiving

*(Continued from page 31)*

singing Gilbert and Sullivan, Ermey sang with the best of them. During the war she and her Mother and little brother had lived with cousins in England where they had been fortunate enough to escape at the time of the invasion of Austria, and from her English cousins she had learned all the tongue-twisting verses of "The Mikado" and "The Pirates of Penzance."

"Bravo!" cried Cousin Willie, and Janey's father nodded and beamed. "Very, very nice, my dear," he said. "Please sing some more."

Ermey sang some more, and the lilting words of "The Wandering Minstrel" rose over the New England room in light, sweet notes. "Oh, well done!" called Cousin Willie, and Aunt Isabella Dike nodded sleepily.

Ermey was obviously a success. There

wasn't a doubt of it. Janey remembered how embarrassed she had been for Ermey, and suddenly she got pretty embarrassed for herself. She had been just a foolish snob.

When the party was all over and the family began to leave, Ermey shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Carter, and then she threw her arms around Janey's neck. "Oh, thank you, Janey," she said. "Oh thank you for a so good Thankfulness."

A few hours ago Janey would have blushed, but now she just grinned and felt secretly pleased. As Ermey went out the door, Cousin Willie looked at Janey with a funny expression on his solemn face. "That's a very charming young kid," he said. "And if you've enough taste to pick her out of a crowd, you ought to do pretty well."

Janey said nothing. She was still feeling both pleased and embarrassed, but now pleasure was the most important feeling.

# Help Given — H



**VISITING HOUR** by Franklin Boggs

When fighting began in New Guinea, native houses were used as hospitals for wounded and sick men. This native brought flowers every day to his new-found American friends



**ANOPHELES HOME FRONT**  
by Franklin Boggs

Breeding grounds of the malaria-carrying Anopheles mosquito were invaded by a Sanitary Corps Officer and a squad of grass-cutting natives.



**WAR ON TYPHUS** by Joseph Hirsch

DDT squads, organized by Army Medical Department in Naples, reduced the danger of typhus among the Italians. The dirty, unsanitary air raid shelters were ideal breeding places but constant watching plus plenty of DDT powder saved thousands of lives



**JUNGLE TRAIL** by Franklin Boggs

Willing natives helped Medical Corps unit through jungle with hospital supplies



**NORMANDY WASH** by Lawrence Beall Smith

After the battle, French children often brought flowers to patients in Army hospital tent

# Help Received



**NATIVE CASUALTY** by  
Franklin Boggs

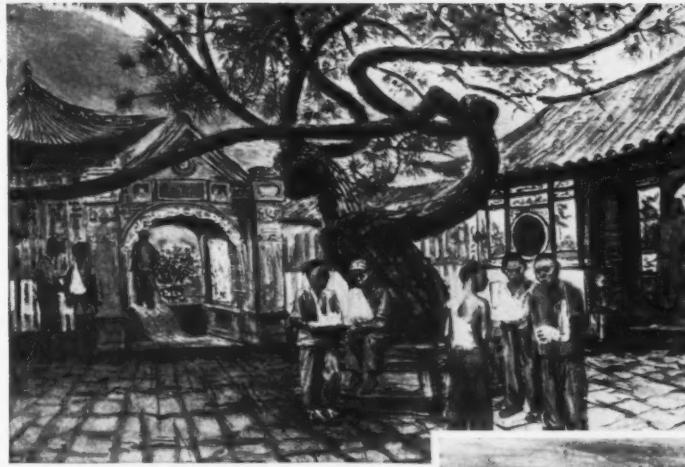
American first aid for a New Guinea native injured during construction of a hospital ward

Pictures reproduced on these pages are from the Abbott Collection of Paintings of Army Medicine. Captions adapted from collection catalogue



**CHINA SUPPLY  
RENDEZVOUS**  
by Howard Baer

Tiny Piper Cubs brought medicine and other supplies to this relay point nestled in the mountains. Sturdy Chinese ponies were on hand to take the supplies over the mountain passes



**TALKING IT OVER** by Howard Baer

Converted Buddhist temple served as hospital for Chinese surgical patients treated at near-by American field hospital



**NIGHT DUTY** by Franklin Boggs

Beam from Army Nurse's flashlight made an eerie glow on the green mosquito nets shrouding the sleeping wounded



**CHINA LIFE LINE** by Howard Baer

Chinese stretcher bearers carried American wounded back from the Salween front

# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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*National Officers of the American Red Cross*

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**The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.**



## Worth Writing For

THE picture above of a Javanese plantation is a still from a Walt Disney film called "Something You Didn't Eat." In Java the discovery was made that workers who ate unpolished rice did not die of beri-beri. The film teaches a number of other interesting things about nutrition. Schools can borrow sixteen-millimeter films of this short movie by writing the Office of Information, U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington 25, D. C.

The National Geographic Magazine puts out a most interesting illustrated weekly bulletin about places in the headlines. Your

teacher can get a subscription to this by sending 25 cents in stamps or money order to The National Geographic Society, Washington 6, D. C.

Your teacher may be interested in getting a copy of the "Pacific Islands Handbook, 1944" (Macmillan, New York, \$4.00). It contains interesting maps and charts, including one about the uses of the coconut palm.

## The East Indies and You

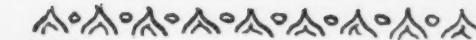
WE HOPE that Antonio Petrucci's wonderful map on the front and back cover of this issue will make boys and girls in many geography and nature study classes want to read more about that fabulous part of the world known as the East Indies. Find out about the bats out there which have a wing spread of four feet from tip to tip, the rats which are almost as big as cats, and the crabs which climb trees. Look up in your encyclopedias the strange flower which is several feet in diameter, and see if it's true that the ten-foot-long Komodo dragon will deflate like a balloon if punctured.

Far away as the Indies seem, their products were very familiar to us before the war. They supplied rubber for your bicycle tires, tin foil for your chocolate bar, kapok to fill the pillow on your bed, cinnamon and nutmeg for pumpkin pie on Thanksgiving. Now that Borneo has been recaptured, its oil wells are beginning to supply Allied ships. Because the kapok sources again yield filling for life preservers, your help is not needed this year to pick milkweed floss as a substitute.

## Races and People

THIS past summer, did you happen to read in your newspaper the account of the WAC, who, with two American soldiers, survived a plane crash in an unknown New Guinea valley? If you did, you will remember what wonderful tributes she paid to the kindly natives, and to the Filipino medical men who parachuted down to help. Of the natives she wrote: "The term 'savages' hardly applies to such kind, friendly and hospitable men as these natives." Of the Filipino medics, she declared, "I want to say right now that when better men are born, they will undoubtedly be Filipinos. If ever they or their islands need aid or a champion, they only have to send a wire to enlist me in the cause."

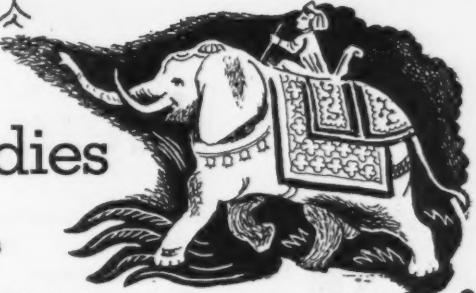
**ENROLLMENT FOR SERVICE—NOVEMBER 1-15, 1945**



# Tales of the Indies

ELLIS CREDLE

Decoration by Beatrice Tobias



HERE is a rich choice of books about the East Indies and near-by countries. Some, bright and brand new, can be bought in the stores; others (marked below by asterisks), because of wartime paper shortages, are out of print and can be found only in libraries.

If you have a brother or father still out in the Pacific area, one of the best books to own is "Picture-Map Geography of the Pacific Islands" by Vernon Quinn (Lippincott). Beginning with their formation, the growth and history of these islands are interestingly told with plenty of pictures to illustrate each fact. It will help you to answer all sorts of questions for your returning hero. But don't be surprised if he takes it over for himself for it's a book that grown-ups as well as young people will enjoy. "My First Geography of the Pacific" by Arensen Sondergaard (Little, Brown & Co.) is a big handsome picture book about the same area. If you are six to ten years old, it will make you feel as though you are taking a wonderful voyage. "Spice on the Wind" \* by Irmengarde Eberle (Holiday House) is a valuable book for anyone who wants to know the important part the search for spices has played in widening our world. Several chapters tell how they are grown, prepared and marketed.

A number of books about native children will help you to understand the way of life in these faraway lands. When little Mayna in "Dhan of the Pearl Country," by Phyllis Ayer Sowers (Albert Whitman), finds a valuable pearl in an oyster, adventures for her and her brother Dhan begin. In reading about them you will learn about pearl divers, the business of selling pearls and much about the picturesque island of Ceylon.

How would you like to have an elephant for your very own? "One Day with Jambi" \* by Armstrong Sperry (Winston) tells of a little boy who has one. The elephant lives under a house on stilts on the island of Sumatra. Jambi's day is an exciting one, including a tiger hunt and a trip to the Sultan's palace to collect a reward.

Two of the nicest of the East Indies story books are by Kathleen Morrow Elliot (Knopf).

Roger Duvoisin's fine pictures give them a warm tropical look. In "Soomoon," the hero is an engaging rascal, an orphan who sneaks his uncle's white fighting cock and sets off across Bali in search of a home. By the time he has reached a happy ending, you will have learned a great deal about the ancient island of Bali. Jo-Yo, in "Jo-Yo's Idea," is a very forgetful little boy in the South Sea islands who puts everybody out of patience. But when he gets his wonderful idea they all change their minds about him.

In "Gift of the Forest" by R. Lal Singh and Eloise Lownsbery (Longmans Green), Bim's grandfather says to him: "If you will neither fear nor hate but bless all things, the jungle will greet you as a brother." Bim takes this wonderful teaching to his heart, and so brings up the tiger kitten that is the jungle's birthday gift to him. This exciting story flows straight from the heart of India and has many beautiful thoughts that you will want to remember all your life. "Princess September and the Nightingale" by Somerset Maugham (Oxford) is a delightful fairy tale about a princess of Siam. Its rich illustrations by Richard C. Jones make it a lovely gift book.

There are books about western children in the Orient, too. One of the best of these is "The Keepers of Elephant Valley" by Reginald Campbell (Random House). How three English young folk help to track and capture a wild white elephant makes an exciting story that will give you much information about Siam. If you enjoy a mystery and a sea tale as well, then "Mystery Schooner" by Terence Roberts (Viking) is for you. It is a well-written, rousing story of the escape of four young people from invading Japanese. Another thrilling story of the sea is "Java Ho!" \* by Johan Fabricius (Coward McCann). It is the true story of a once famous but ill-fated voyage by an old Dutch seafarer, Willem Bontekoe. How Haje and Rolf, his two cabin boys, struggle through the storms, fire and shipwreck makes a breathtaking tale. Their adventures on the islands of Sumatra and Java will give you an idea of what life was like there in the year of our Lord 1618.



# Ideas on the March

## A KITCHEN IN A CLOAKROOM

 SIX THOUSAND five hundred and twenty-two sandwiches at a penny apiece. That's how many they had to make to earn \$65.22. It was a colossal number but every boy and girl in Hutter School in Bedford County, Virginia, knew it had to be done.

It all came about like this—the attendance record in Hutter School was poor. Mrs. Edna Scruggs, one of the teachers, was disturbed about it. She felt that there was some connection between the number of absences and what her pupils did not have to eat.

Mrs. Scruggs went to the Attendance Officer to see if there was anything that could be done. By a stroke of good fortune the Attendance Officer also was the Chairman of Junior Red Cross for the Bedford County and knew all about the nutrition courses which the Red Cross offers.

So, Miss Mary Clayton, the Red Cross nutritionist, gave a six-week course at the school which included facts about the seven basic food groups, the importance of milk and vegetables and how to prepare a good meal. A second-grader was invited to eat the meal the children had helped to prepare and then they talked about table manners. Miss Clayton was not very tall. The only stove she had to demonstrate on was a high, pot-bellied heating stove. It was on a day when a big boy had to be enlisted to do some stirring that Miss Clayton said idly, "Wouldn't it be lovely if you had a real cook-stove? Then I could show you how to fix a lot of things and you could have hot lunches."

Right then an idea began to march. Those

seventy-five Junior Red Cross members knew that they had to find a way to earn the money to buy a stove. A plan to sell sandwiches and cookies for a penny apiece was adopted.

There are only two rooms and a cloakroom in Hutter. The cloakroom would have to be their kitchen. Wraps would have to be hung in the entrance hall. They knew just what they wanted in the kitchen—a stove, a sink, rug, curtains, dishes and storage cabinets. It could be done for \$65.22.

Slowly, slowly the fund grew. Some one suggested an entertainment to boost it, and Junior Red Cross put it over. A kerosene stove was bought; a sink installed; packing box cupboards were curtained with gay cretonne and bright pottery plates stored within. The same cretonne framed the windows and linoleum covered the floor. Hutter's hot lunch program became a reality.

Now the older children carefully plan each day's menu. A typical one includes mashed sweet potatoes, greens and sliced egg, buttered whole wheat bread and milk. Each child pays a nickel for his lunch which, of course, does not begin to meet the cost. Groceries at wholesale and penny sales help.

Most important is the thing that has happened to the children and their parents. The average gain in weight during a six-week period was three and one-half pounds per child.

The attendance has picked up perceptibly and teachers say they no longer have to spend their time saying "don't." Mothers now are taking a Red Cross Nutrition Course.



Hutter School children, Bedford County, Virginia, financed this kitchen



## BEDSIDE GARDENS



MEMBERS of Lakeside School, San Francisco,

California, have been gathering pebbles and abalone shells to use in making miniature cactus gardens for convalescent servicemen in nearby military hospitals. Members in Buffalo, New York, and Ann Arbor, Michigan, have sent veterans similar gifts. In Ann Arbor the tiny "gardens" include little animals, houses and other figurines. Scenes ranged from a Mexican desert, complete with burro and cactus, to a tropical jungle scene with an elephant.



Italian children, casualties of the war, many blind and missing an arm or leg, get candy sent by American Junior Red Cross. Tons of candy will be shipped to countries overseas this year, too. Italian children are now using American Junior Red Cross medical chests

which the sewing classes made into scuffies for service hospitals.

## FUN WITH FUNDS

 "ANIMALS of a ferocious nature skulked through a maze of tangled vines and tree trunks. Screams of monkeys, birds and wild cats pierced the shadowy stillness. A large crocodile lay across the path and a huge gorilla confronted the timid. A tall giraffe with easel legs, a zebra and two elephants added excitement as an occasional roar came from the depths of the lion's carton body."

This "Jungle Adventure" was presented by the fourth grade of the Bugbee School, Oneonta, New York, and netted the Junior Red Cross Service Fund a profit of over \$17.00. Every grade in Bugbee planned one or more concessions at this Junior Red Cross Fair.

Another way of raising money for the Service Fund comes from Rosedale School, Tacoma, Washington, where Junior Red Cross members started a "Funny Book Lending Library." A third and fourth grade in Mankato, Minnesota, reports the earning of \$74.10 in a pre-Christmas sale of handmade toys, greeting and place cards, renovated dolls, knitting-needle cases and lapel pieces.



# Evelyn the Elephant

F. H. CHRESTIEN

Pictures by the Author

ONCE upon a time there was an Elephant and her name was EVELYN. She liked to walk along by the water's edge, carrying a glass bowl which she used for catching tadpoles. One day when she was doing this she slipped on a banana skin and fell into the pool.

"Help!" she spluttered. "Help!"

"Don't make so much noise," said a small voice. "And don't be so lazy. Get up—the water is only a foot deep," the voice added.

Evelyn got up with a jerk.

"Be careful now with the glass bowl," the small voice went on. "Don't spill me out!"

Evelyn, who was holding the bowl in her trunk, looked down into it, and there was a lovely little golden fish.

"I thought it was time I saw something of the world," said the fish; "I thought we would get along fine together."

"That's a wonderful idea," said Evelyn. She carefully balanced the goldfish in the bowl on her back, and they started out. They walked for many days and saw many things.

Evelyn was very fond of bananas. As a matter of fact she was fond of other things, too; she liked oranges and pineapples, and strawberries and pumpkin pie with ice cream on it, and apples and lobster mayonnaise, and a great many other things that I have forgotten. But, as she said to the fish, "When you are traveling you have to rough it sometimes. There isn't any lobster mayonnaise here,

so it is no use complaining." Evelyn ate all the bananas she could, and grew fat.

One day the fish said, "You are getting too fat, eating so many bananas. We had better move on." So they moved on. And they walked and they walked, until they came to a great desert.

"What do we do now?" they wondered. They had seen camels and lions, and monkeys and date trees with dates on them—which Evelyn liked—and now here they were, stuck in a desert. Just then an airplane flew over, and the pilot, who was a kindly man, noticed how sad Evelyn looked.

So he landed his plane and asked what was the matter.

The fish explained how they were stuck. The pilot said "Ho," then he said, "Hum," and then he said, "You are pretty fat, Evelyn, after all those bananas, and I can't get you into the plane. But I've an idea." So he called out, "Hi, Jake,"—and out from the airplane popped a little man with a red nose. "Oh, Jake, you've got a spare pair of wings somewhere, haven't you?" "Mph," replied Jake, who wasn't very talkative. "Good! Then we will tie those wings onto Evelyn and tow her along behind. The fish can come in the plane with us."

So they got out the extra pair of wings that they kept in case of accidents, and tied them onto Evelyn. "I think that's all right now," said the pilot. "Mph," said Jake again, because he hardly ever said a real word.



The fish said to Evelyn: "You are getting too fat, eating so many bananas. We had better move on."

"Hold tight now," the pilot told Evelyn. "We're just about to start." So Evelyn held tight with her trunk to the rope tied around the tail of the air-

plane. The pilot started the motor, the propeller turned, and the airplane started moving. Faster and faster turned the propeller, faster and faster went the



Great strokes of lightning jumped at them and thunder boomed and banged all around

plane, faster and faster ran Evelyn.

But it was no good—she couldn't run fast enough, and the plane couldn't get up into the air. She tried very hard, and she ran and she ran until she was quite out of breath.

So she had to let go, and when she let go she sat down very hard on her tail with a *bump*. The plane gave a lurch and went sailing high up into the air. And there was Evelyn sitting on the desert, looking very much surprised.

When the pilot had got well up in the air he looked to see what was the matter. Well, there was the rope hitched around the tail of the plane—but where was Evelyn? Well, Evelyn was sitting on the ground, very much out of breath and with a sad look on her face. So the pilot circled around and landed again.

"This is very bad indeed," he said to Evelyn. "I can't get into the air with you, and you can't get away without me." Then he turned to his companion.

"Have you any ideas, Jake?" he asked.

"Roller skates," said Jake, taking two pairs out of a special box for skates which was built into the side of the plane. So the pilot and Jake strapped a skate to each of Evelyn's four feet.

"Are you ready?" asked the pilot.

"I am ready to try," said Evelyn.

"All right then," said the pilot. "Hold tight now!" So Evelyn held tight. The pilot started the motor; the propeller turned; and the plane began to move. Faster and faster turned the propeller, faster and faster went the plane, faster and faster went Evelyn.

Suddenly they were in the air.

"Hold tight," shouted the pilot again. "We are flying now." But Evelyn was holding so tight that she couldn't answer him. She just waved the flag that was tied to her tail to show that she was all right. So they flew and they flew. Below them they could see giraffes with long necks, and lions with flowing manes, and camels with drivers, and cities and towns and villages. They flew over mountains and forests, and once they passed near a big volcano which shot up sparks and flames and clouds of smoke and steam. In the evening they would land, make their supper and go to sleep, and in the morning Evelyn would put on her roller skates again, hold on tight, and off they would go.

One day they ran into a thunderstorm. Dark clouds pressed about them, great strokes of lightning jumped at them through the clouds, and thunder boomed and banged all around. The pilot tried to fly above the clouds, but he could not get high enough. Then he tried skimming over the waves, so close they frightened the flying fish. Then he

would go up again. But try as he would, they could not get away from the storm.

Luckily they came to a small island where they landed for the night. They tied down the plane so that it couldn't be blown away, and made themselves comfortable.

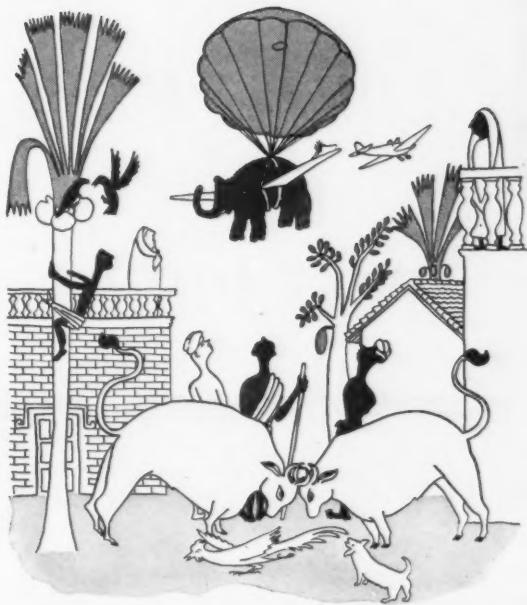
Next day the storm had gone, but after that the pilot took care to see that Evelyn wore a parachute in case she ever had to let go. For she had had to hold on so tight that her trunk was quite sore, and one piece of thunder had made a large hole in the flag on the end of her tail, and as the pilot said, "It pays to take care."

So they flew and they flew, until at last they came to India.

And as they flew over India, where Evelyn had always lived, she began to get so excited that she forgot she was flying and let go of the rope. But luckily she remembered to open the parachute—and there she was floating slowly downwards.

And the villagers who saw her floating down were very much surprised to see an elephant falling out of the sky, especially with skates on. But Evelyn landed safely, and the pilot seeing her let go, circled round and landed in a field near-by.

Evelyn was very glad to find her-



The villagers were surprised to see an elephant falling out of the sky, especially one with skates on

self there, because India was her home. And the fish didn't mind at all. So, after the spare wings had been untied, and the skates taken off and put back into the box, Evelyn and the fish thanked the pilot politely. "You're very welcome," he said. "Glad to have been able to help you." "Mph," said Jake, and left it at that.

*For other adventures of Evelyn, turn to EVELYN AND THE FISH, by F. H. Chrestien, published by The Hyperion Press, New York, N. Y.*

## Peace

When children's friendships are world-wide  
New ages will be glorified.  
Let child love child, and wars will cease:  
Disarm the hearts, for that is Peace.

—Ethel Blair Jordan in the November, 1921, issue  
of the JUNIOR RED CROSS NEWS.

## Refugees

Most children are hungry off yonder,  
Helpless, scattered, and lost.  
The old people lamely wander  
Like papers the wind has tossed.  
—Eloise Cecchinato, grade 7, Canaan Center  
School, Canaan, Connecticut.

## Elephant Song

Oh come on this elephant to-day,  
Elephant to-day, elephant to-day.  
The elephant dragging his trunk,  
All along his way, all along his way.  
—Gunes Nurettin, 5 years old.

# CHILD'S MAP OF THE EAST INDIES





# + AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR +



## BE THANKFUL

Never has Thanksgiving meant so much to us. Let's be thankful we live in the United States. Let's be thankful for peace, our home, our school, our church and our community. Let this Thanksgiving be full of the joy of living. Talk with your teacher about ways you may celebrate Thanksgiving. Look in your dictionary for the true meaning of the word

## GIFTS FOR THE PHILIPPINES

American Junior Red Cross sent 1,500 Gift Boxes to children in the Philippines recently. Fifty-two thousand pounds of dried milk and one thousand pounds of hard candy were also shipped. Small presents, hair bows, games, etc., were sent to children in Guam, Tinian, Saipan, and the Marshalls. Several thousand additional Gift Boxes are now on the high seas heading toward the Philippines.

the accident hazards. Also determine the number of lost school days last year due to accidents. What was the cost of the medical bills? Make your safety campaign a positive program based on prevention.

## National Children's Fund

Your Junior Red Cross has maintained the National Children's Fund since 1919 from the volun-

teers.

ways you may celebrate Thanksgiving. Look in your dictionary for the true meaning of the word celebrate. Shouldn't this Thanksgiving be celebrated with emphasis on the solemn side?

Look through this page to find references to school correspondence, National Children's Fund and SAF production. All these programs are worthy. All should be emphasized. This month, however, it seems that a program of world understanding should have particular emphasis. Through the means of Gift Boxes, medical chests, National Children's Fund projects and international correspondence you can help lay a foundation of world understanding. List the playground arguments or quarrels in your school in the past two months. Find out why these quarrels started. Find out how many could have been avoided through a more thorough understanding. In your history class determine the causes of all our major wars. How many were caused through misunderstanding? Could any of them have been avoided through better world understanding?

Since Victory the list of countries with whom we may correspond has become much larger. Your Junior Red Cross chairman will be able to furnish you with an up-to-date list.

Ask your Junior Red Cross sponsor to review the international school correspondence program. In this program you will find one of the best means of promoting true international understanding.

additional Gift Boxes are now on the high seas speeding toward the Philippines.

## 1945 NOVEMBER 1945

Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
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trained the National Children's Fund since 1919 from the voluntary contributions of its members. Now that the war is over rehabilitation work opens many opportunities to assist boys and girls in war torn lands. Medical chests and Gift Boxes become increasingly necessary.

You are now about 20,000,000 strong. You can be a great help in aiding the children in countries which have been left desolate and destitute after World War II. You can help restore education and meet the basic needs of these war-stricken boys and girls.

Earn your contributions to this fund. Your Junior Red Cross sponsor will help you to arrange a variety show or rummage sale or some other means of raising money for this fund. By contributing to the National Children's Fund, you will not only have the satisfaction of knowing that you have aided these children of war-ravished lands but also you will be creating a bond of international understanding which should have lasting results.

### ENROLLMENT

**DON'T FORGET THAT YOUR ENROLLMENT FOR 1946 MEANS DELIVERY OF YOUR NEWS FOR THE CALENDAR YEAR 1946. IF YOU WANT TO INSURE DELIVERY OF YOUR NEWS FOR NEXT YEAR, BE SURE THAT YOUR ROOM IS ENROLLED.**

### Accident Prevention

"It's smart to be safe" is the title of the first chapter in *Junior Accident Prevention*. (ARC 1060) Let's be smart. Talk to your sponsor about conducting a survey of your school in order to find

## AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

# A Guide for Teachers

By WILLIAM J. FLYNN

## The November News in the Schools

### **Arts:**

Map of Netherlands East Indies (cover), Gift Boxes in the Philippines (Calendar picture), Frontispiece, Currier and Ives: "The Happy Family," "Home to Thanksgiving," "Husking"

### **Geography:**

*Austria*—"Invitation for Thanksgiving," "Guests in our House"  
*Arabia*—"Foot of the Rainbow"  
*Belgium*—"Guests in our House"  
*China*—"Foot of the Rainbow"  
*Czechoslovakia*—"Guests in our House"  
*East Indies*—Cover, Editorial, "Tales of the Indies," "Foot of the Rainbow"  
*Germany*—"Guests in our House"  
*Italy*—"Guests in our House"  
*Japan*—"Foot of the Rainbow"  
*Java*—Editorial  
*Malaya*—"Foot of the Rainbow"  
*New Guinea*—Editorial  
*Poland*—"Guests in our House"  
*Portugal*—"Foot of the Rainbow"  
*South America*—"Foot of the Rainbow"  
*Spain*—"Conquistadores," "Foot of the Rainbow"  
*Sumatra*—"Foot of the Rainbow"  
*Thailand*—"Foot of the Rainbow"  
*United States*—"Invitation for Thanksgiving," "Foot of the Rainbow," "Ideas on the March"

### **History:**

"Foot of the Rainbow," "Guests in our House," "Conquistadores," "A Surprise for Bela," "Tales of the Indies"

### **Language:**

"A Surprise for Bela," "Guests in our House," "Tales of the Indies"

### **Science:**

"Ideas on the March," "Evelyn the Elephant"

### **Project:**

#### *Transportation*

Models of different forms of transportation which have crossed the Pacific from first ships to present day planes, ships and landing crafts might be made in art class aided by history and geography classes.

### **In Braille**

The braille edition for November includes from the *Junior Red Cross News* in braille grade 1½, "Invitation for Thanksgiving," "Foot of the Rainbow," "Ideas on the March": from the *Junior Red Cross Journal* in braille grade 2, "The Kid in Upper Three," "The Beauty of Body Balance," "The Wounded Were There."

### **Superintendent's Endorsement**

We are proud to present the following letter written by J. Stearnes Cushing, Superintendent of the Middleboro, Massachusetts, schools, to Miss Eleanor

### **Classroom Index**

Forsyth, Junior Red Cross Correspondent, North Atlantic Area. Mr. Cushing's statement regarding the Junior Red Cross program being "as much a part of the school curriculum as any of our basic subjects" is truly a validation of the planning of Junior Red Cross program activities.

"Confirming my conversation with Mrs. Comstock on the occasion of her recent visit to our chapter, I wish to wholeheartedly endorse the program of the Junior Red Cross. It is an old story with us here in Middleboro and is as much a part of the school curriculum as any of our basic subjects. From the program our children derive much education that supplements their regular work. They learn the meaning of the word Service to others at home and abroad and prior to the world conflict learned much through the exchange of international correspondence.

"I heartily recommend Junior Red Cross to any school program and would be most happy to receive visitors who are interested in seeing how the program works locally."

### **Organizing Service**

A special Junior Red Cross field consultant reported the organization of the program in Del Norte County, California. The county has a population of 3,000 half of whom live in the county seat at Crescent City:

"The schools are divided into three districts. Each school plays host to the other schools in its own district at a Junior Red Cross meeting attended by elected delegates from the other schools. The host president conducts the meeting according to parliamentary procedure. The teachers are enthusiastic about these district meetings as a means of developing social responsibilities in the pupils." Adults in the community were particularly impressed by the way in which the children have credited themselves in displaying the junior field workers exhibit. The general background of Red Cross work was presented to the pupils by a general field representative and a special junior worker talked about standards of production and about the National Children's Fund following whatever particular approach the county school supervisor recommended in each case.

A workshop was held in the Crescent City Elementary School for teachers and elected Junior Red Cross delegates. Here again the teachers stated that the pupils gained much from attending a "big county meeting." The older pupils participated by working in groups at special projects which were made possible by the splendid cooperation of several of the teachers.

In this community of small schools the high school has done outstanding art work and planned to produce at least 500 overseas Christmas cards before the end of school last year.

Undoubtedly much more was accomplished because of the intelligent organization of the effort and still better results are expected this year because of last year's experience.

# Education . . . . . A Mighty Force!

The week of November 11th to 17th is National Education Week. The National Education Association of the United States recently published a booklet titled, *Education . . . A Mighty Force!* There are many statements in this document which involve planning for the postwar world. The entire work is enlightening and inspiring. A few of the more timely quotations appear below.

The major premise presented is "people make a nation great." "Not its land, not its mines, not its rivers, not its forests, not its money—important as these things are. *Only people make a nation truly great.*—We can build a greater and nobler America only as we develop human resources."

## The Power of Education

"Our enemies have demonstrated the power of education for destruction. Hitler built his whole scheme of conquest and power, hate and greed, upon a program of education beginning with the smallest children. He taught militarism, the theory of the master race, the breakdown of almost all moral values in which free people believe. He robbed youth of the right to learn to think for themselves.

"Britain is embarking upon the boldest educational program in all her history—a plan which will almost double expenditure for education. . . . Winston Churchill recently called Britain's plan the 'most comprehensive scheme of universal education ever devised by and for a responsible government. We cannot understand the world and its inventions, nor maintain our place in the world in these complex times without such education.'"

## Human Waste Is Great, We Cannot Afford It

What of our education system? "We pride ourselves upon our schools but the blunt truth is that in many regions and at many points our education program is utterly inadequate.

"At least 600,000 men have been rejected by the armed services for illiteracy—inability to read and write at the fourth-grade level—or failure to meet War Department minimum intelligence standards. At least 250,000 of them had no other defect. The first selective service registration was signed with a mark by 360,000 men who could not write their own names!

## Better Prepared Citizens Are Needed

"Of the adults twenty-five years of age or over, 3 MILLION have never gone to school at all; 13% have not completed the fourth grade; 56% have only an eighth-grade education or less; 75% have not completed high school.

"America cannot afford to permit these conditions to continue. Many people with little formal education are among our best citizens but, in general, areas of educational neglect are fertile soil for discontent, degradation, and demagoguery.

## War or Peace in the World of Tomorrow

"War will not be brought under control merely by providing men with legal codes and enough to eat. Knowledge and attitudes that are conducive to peace are developed by education. So are the knowledge and attitudes that contain the seeds of war. By appropriate educational measures an intelligent desire for peace, with an understanding of the conditions

necessary for maintaining it, must be fostered among all the people in every part of the world.

"What does this mean? 1. The U. S. must educate for peace but not in the ostrich-like fashion pursued between World War I and World War II. We must make education for peace realistic. The best education for peace will be that which provides our young people with a realistic understanding of the world and its peoples, teaches tolerance and goodwill toward the peoples of all lands, but at the same time maintains a firm determination that our nation shall join in a worldwide effort to banish war from the earth.

"2. The U. S. must join with other nations in some form of international planning and organization of education as a vital part of any general international planning. It is unwise and unsafe for one or a few nations to educate for peace if other powerful nations at the same time educate for war. That was the story after World War I. Much progress is already being made toward recognition of the role of education in postwar planning. The U. S. State Department is conferring with other United Nations to this end.

## Investing in Education

"Good schools cost money, but we spend considerably less for education than for beverage alcohol and only a fourth of what is spent for transportation.

"Democracy and our modern economy would perish without education. The money we spend for education is an investment. The three R's are imperative in modern life and they still occupy a larger part of the school time than anything else. Preparation for citizenship, preparation for work, and the enrichment of the lives of all the people are other purposes of the schools which need to become universally effective.

"So lacking is our present school system that several recent studies conclude that we must at least double our 2½ billion dollar expenditure if we are to provide even a reasonably satisfactory educational program.

## What Is Our Answer?

"In view of the needs of tomorrow, of simple justice to every child, of the emphasis other nations are placing on education, we now must make education universally effective if the promise of our country in the years to come is to be fulfilled.

"Every COMMUNITY must answer for its schools in terms of its full ability to pay for them.

"Every STATE must constantly study its school system, seek to improve the organization and administration of the schools, and carry its full and fair share of school finance.

"The FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, which takes the youth of every state and community in time of war, must make sure that youth has an opportunity in time of peace.

"We spare no expense to get people ready to win the war. Why? Because we know that only a trained people can win. Public sentiment would not tolerate for a moment a proposal to send any American boy into battle without the best of training under the best instructors and with the best equipment that money can buy.

"Shall we do less to prepare our young people to win the battles of peace?"